

HAVING suggested last year that some of the Duke of Edinburgh's speeches might usefully be published in book form, I am delighted to learn that the Oxford University Press is taking up the idea. "Selected Speeches 1948-1955" by the Duke of Edinburgh will be published in early November. The diversity of subjects illustrates graphically the remarkable scope of his mind. The fifty speeches chosen range from a prizegiving ceremony for cadets on board H.M.S. Devonshire to the Presidential Address to the British Association, still, perhaps, his most considerable intellectual achievement.

The Duke personally approved the selection and has helped to prepare the book. There is to be a frontispiece photograph as well as a picture jacket. Heavy demand can be expected for the book as a Christmas present.

But No Skittles?

OFFICIALS in the White House, it appears, were surprised that the Queen should have asked to see a football match during her visit to the United States in October. Yet it is only in keeping with Her Majesty's intense interest in every form of sport.

When her original wish to see a baseball game proved impossible to fulfil—the season will have closed by the time the Royal party arrive—the British Embassy proposed, with the concurrence of the White House, the football game as a substitute.

What is not so widely known is that the Duke of Edinburgh tentatively suggested that a visit to a bowling alley might be rather run; but the idea, for some reason, has not so far developed.

Scouting Shrine

A LONDON windmill may not seem to have much to do with the Scouts' Jubilee Jam-boree. In fact it has a great deal to do with it. It was at the old windmill on Wimbledon Common that Lord Baden-Powell wrote his book "Scouting for Boys" in 1908. Although he never lived there, contrary to some opinions, he came, says Lt-Col. E. M. Lambert, Chief Ranger of the Common, "to get peace to write."

He could hardly have found anywhere better in London, as I discovered last week. Only a quarter of a mile away from a main road, the windmill and the few buildings around it might easily be in the quietest parts of Herefordshire or Somerset. The mill and walls, in magnificent order and position, outlined against the sky, date from 1807, although there had been a mill there for many

years before, for the grinding of local corn. Colonel Lambert, in his office next to the mill, looks and plays the part of a country squire. The great city all around might be a hundred miles away.

"I always regard the windmill and its surrounding common as a sort of headquarters of the scouting movement," Colonel Lambert told me. "Scouts from all over the world have come to the windmill to see where Baden-Powell dreamed."

Fallen Idol

MISS Daphne Du Maurier was accused of wanton indulgence in Socialist Realism; or Miss Ivy Compton-Burnett



Mme. Ting Ling

rebuked for wallowing in lush emotionalism—then, and then only, could there be a Western parallel to Peking's exposure of the woman novelist, Ting Ling, as a counter-revolutionary.

For more than twenty years Mme. Ting was the chief literary exhibit in the Chinese Communist shop-window, although since the success of the Revolution she has been overshadowed by a male fellow-novelist, Kuo Mo-jo (who survived comfortably in Kuomintang territory while she was enduring the rigours of exile in Yenan). But possibly the first hint of her approaching downfall was given four years ago when she criticised Chinese Communist novels as being "created entirely from the imagination—like a virgin describing the experience of childbirth."

That is no way to talk in a society based on misconceptions.

Founder's Day Fable

MUSING on Public Schools at a speech day, I recalled this fable.

There was once a barren

heath, bare because the wind blew un hindered by trees, stony because the rain ran off unchecked by vegetation. Then certain pious and far-seeing men planted trees on the windward side, to the greater glory of God and eventual benefit of man. In due course, 'in their shelter grew vegetation, grass and flowers and crops; other trees were planted, and the heath blossomed as the rose.

Everyone, you would think, was contented. No. Among the people of the heath were some who called themselves Equalisers, and who said: "This is an unfair place. Those old trees are nobler and leader than the others. There are bare patches on the heath"—this was where the soil was always poor—"and the windward side grows richer crops than the leeward. We must move Towards Equality. Let us cut down the great trees."

So they did. And after a while the wind and sun began to make the heath bare and droughty again. The people were angry and said "Where are the Equalisers? Let us do unto them as they deserve to be done by." But by this time they were dead. So the people sought to plant more great trees. When they learnt that it would take centuries for these to grow to maturity they went away very sorrowful.

Fivers

SINCE the new £5 note came into use last February, it has come in for a good deal of criticism. John Bejeman has reviled it. "It looks like worthless foreign money," he says. At the Institute of Bankers they keep a collection of previous "fivers," and I went there to compare them with the present one.

The oldest Bank of England £5 note there dates from 1797. In appearance it differs hardly at all from the one current until early this year.

About the only change noticeable in a century and a half is that the early notes had at the feet of Britannia a bowl of coins which, as in the current £1 note, has become over the years a beehive.

The Institute has a remarkable collection of bank notes of all kinds, including forgeries. When one is shown old Bank of England notes, for £500,000, one's mind begins to boggle at the trust people have in pieces of paper. Last year, according to the Bank, there were still 122

£1,000 notes "around somewhere, perhaps under some one's mattress, although they were discontinued in 1943.

The Screen: 'Lucky Jim'

THE news that *The Sunday Times* is to present a London Film Festival in October has received a highly satisfactory welcome. In particular, the cinema trade papers, inclined sometimes to a certain impatience at what are called "long-hair" activities, are notably enthusiastic.

Films will be coming from all over the world, but the British product will not be overlooked. If present hopes are realised we shall certainly see the Boulton brothers' production of Kingsley Amis's novel, "Lucky Jim."

It would be a highly appropriate choice, for *The Sunday Times*, through its critics and contributors, has developed an amusing love-hate relationship with the story. "Not the first

debutant to mistake grubbi-ness for wit," was our then fiction critic's magisterial rebuke to Mr. Amis. At the end of the year C. P. Snow, always very pro-Jim, reversed the verdict, and gave the novel the laurel. And the year after that Mr. Somerset Maugham caused a rumour by hurling the word "scum" at Jim and his like.

Infrastructure

LAST week I praised the part which Mr. Lund of the Law Society played in the vast and intricate organisation of the American Bar Association's convention in London. Now I want to extend my tribute to his opposite number, Mr. Boulton, the secretary of the Bar Council, who shared with him the major burden.

I would not dare to apportion merit between them—for their own part, I know they would compete only in modesty—but

apart from its representing the senior side of the legal profession it was the Bar Council that was principally responsible for organising two of the highlights of the convention, the ceremony at Runnymede and the garden party at Buckingham Palace. And let me add that beneath the surface of unanimous applause the Runnymede arrangements entailed a good deal of rather difficult and delicate manoeuvre, because of the original opposition in some quarters to the American proposal to erect a memorial there.

So to Mr. Boulton and Mr. Lund alike, here are my congratulations and good wishes for a well-earned rest from their labours.

Ties Across the Sea

THE post-war boom in school and club ties continues unabated. London has become the world centre of this esoteric

trade, and obscure clubs from the ends of the earth write to have ties designed and manufactured. Egypt, the Argentine and Singapore are particularly good customers, and an American aeroplane manufacturer has recently been supplied with a tie for his employees.

The problem is to stop the ties falling into unentitled hands, and though the firms take their responsibilities very seriously, they cannot easily stop overseas manufacturers copying designs displayed in shop windows. I understand that an "Old Etonian" tie, in special half-width, American style, is now as common on Broadway as it is in Piccadilly.

The United States Marine Corps has now brought out its own tie, the first American Service unit to do so. And an Indian firm has asked a London specialist for a quantity of old

school ties as it wishes to use the patterns on "old school shirts."

Shaviana

SINCE he took over Bernard Shaw's house at Ayot St. Lawrence last year from the National Trust, the present tenant, Mr. Christopher Casserley, has made a habit of discovering unsuspected pieces of Shaviana.

A few months ago he turned up an important bound set of proofs of several of Shaw's plays, and last week, opening a postcard signed "Yours thickheadedly, H. G. Wells," which had been used as a book-marker, and last week, opening a biography of William Morris. Mr. Casserley discovered a businesslike postscript to one of Shaw's early romances.

It was a letter dated July, 1904, from the author of the biography, Morris's daughter May, whom Shaw himself might well have married as a young man but for the opposition of the redoubtable Mrs. William Morris.

Ignoring all this, the author of the letter begins with a straightforward "Dear Shaw," thanks him for his help in preparing the book, and only at the end allows herself to joke about the way the villagers around Kilmiscott are "delightfully talking of our early loves and Shaw's secret union with the poet's daughter."

No Flowers By Request

THE Post Office Guide, 1957, published this month, makes thought-provoking reading. If, for instance, you are thinking of sending a pair of spectacles to a friend in Afghanistan—no, not. Neither may you send him a box of cigars. It would be better to recall a friend in Albania, to whom you may send anything; apart, that is, from "plants or parts of plants."

Do not send any bees by letter post to Papua; or used bedding to Iceland; or rosaries, to the Canary Islands. All these items, and many more, are listed as prohibited or restricted articles by post. It may also be useful to know that you may not send "share certificates, and so on," to Russia, except by the authority of the Soviet Government.

As for Inland Post, things are a little better, although one must be careful not to "embarrass" the Post Office staff. Embarrassment may be caused by "the colour, type, shape and dimensions of the envelope." Red envelopes are found to be embarrassing, and are prohibited. There is, however, no objection to green ones.

After the frustration of discovering that one may not post off that roulette table to El Salvador, or a gooseberry bush to Holland, it is comforting to know that, in this country at least, we are expressly permitted to send leeches through the post. Perhaps this is still the home of the free.

People and Words

I had no idea what a Bank Holiday in England was like until I tried to telephone a Government department!

—MR. ADLAI STEVENSON.
Everybody makes gaffes.

—LORD ALTHAM.
No man in the world is so sordidly shabby as the Englishman on the beach (or in an office) on a hot day.

—MR. CECIL BEATON.
I don't hesitate to be regarded as naive.

—MR. DAG HAMMARSKJÖLD, United Nations Secretary-General.